Common Room

Dates:

04 March–02 April 2006

Opening Reception 03 March 2006

Closing Reception 01 April 2006

Critical Curatorial Studies students:

Jesse Birch
Room to Room

Liz Park
Exchanging-Room

Sophie Brodovitch
IDENTITY, LOCATION, DURATION

J.J. Kegan McFadden
EVERYTHING I KNOW I LEARNT FROM GIRLS IN EIGHTH GRADE

Master of Fine Arts students:

Abbas Akhavan
Eryne Donahue
Rebecca Donald
Derek Dunlop
Richard Ibghy & Marilou Lemmens
Colin Miner
Robert Niven
Kristina Lee Podesva
Sarah Turner

University Art Collection artists:

Shary Boyle
Geneviève Cadieux
General Idea
Attila Richard Lukacs
Wolfgang Tillmans
Jeff Wall

Entry into the common room is through a door. As anthropologist Mary Douglas reminds us, every time we enter through a doorway, not only are we crossing a physical boundary, but we are also traversing a symbolic space.[1] A shift in luck or a change in life–when a groom carries his bride over the threshold, or a retailer hammers a horseshoe above the entry to his shop, culturally specific boundaries are articulated. Though it is rarely so overtly signified, to step into the common room is to pass through a social boundary.

Conceived of as a space for exchanging of ideas, a common room necessitates a degree of conviviality among a number of people held together by a common bond. In the case of the nine emerging artists involved in the exhibition, the most obvious bond is their art education at The University of British Columbia (UBC). The common room shared by the Masters of Fine Arts (MFA) students is both a space of refuge for the students, and a permeable space, inviting to outsiders. This room is also a transformative space that the artists use as a place for critique and debate, as well as a site of socialization in which they hold cinema nights, afternoon teas, and "an occasional debaucherous party."[2] This place of refuge, privilege, and exchange brings forth the concept of the body as a point of interaction with others. Within any art institution, each artist must negotiate his/her selfhood with others as he/she tackles certain ideologies, epistemologies, and pedagogies that bind that particular institution. The negotiation for selfhood–the way in which each artist finds and claims an individuating marker through his/her body (of work)–surfaces in various ways in the works of the nine artists included in this exhibition.

EXTRACTING WORKS FROM AN ESTABLISHED COLLECTION REEKS OF PARASITIC BEHAVIOUR. NOT ENOUGH MONEY TO FIND AND ACQUIRE WORKS ELSEWHERE, RELIANT ON THE WEALTH AND GENEROSITY OF THE HOST BODY, AIMING TO SURVIVE OFF SOMETHING ELSE. WE HAVE A VIRUS ON OUR HANDS–WE NEED THE HOST TO SURVIVE. THE ART COLLECTION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, HOUSED AT THE MORRIS AND HELEN BELKIN ART GALLERY, IS NOT A STARTING POINT, BUT RATHER A MIDDLE, AN INTERMEDIARY, A MIDPOINT–A PLACE FROM WHICH TO FEED AND REGURGITATE. WE HAVE COME TOGETHER AS A GROUP, HOPING AND PLEADING TO BE INFECTED BY OUR ONE COMMON THREAD–THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA–AND TO INFECT IT WITH OUR UNCOMMON THOUGHTS AND IDEAS.

I–ACKNOWLEDGE

IN HOME-EC, BEV SLICED INTO THE UNDERSIDE OF HER MIDDLE FINGER. OVER-SIZED STAINLESS STEEL SCISSORS EXPOSED THE MUSCLE; 4, 5 TINY GLISTENING PEARLS WERE UNEARTHED FROM THE FRESH FISSURE IN HER PALE BROWN SKIN. A FEW YEARS LATER I RAN INTO BEV AT A PARTY; SHE WAS MANAGING A MCDONALD'S AND HER FACE HAD ERUPTED WITH SO MANY TINY RED AND WHITE PIMPLES CROWDING HER CHEEKS, HER FOREHEAD. THERE WERE SO MANY, I COULDN'T COUNT THEM ALL. SHE WAS WEARING A T-SHIRT WITH 'IBIZA' EMBROIDERED ACROSS THE CHEST IN CURSIVE SCRIPT. SHE HAD BEEN THERE, BUT STILL PRONOUNCED THE 'Z'.

1948: UNIVERSITY ART CENTRE OPENS IN THE BASEMENT OF THE NORTH WING OF THE MAIN LIBRARY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA AND IS OPERATED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE UNIVERSITY FINE ARTS COMMITTEE.

In Gaston Bachelard's classic study, *The Poetics of Space,* he illuminates the intricate ways in which rooms, and the objects within them, can be written and read.[3] Exploring the poetic treatment of rooms in houses, he describes rooms that are internalized–intimate places that slowly accumulate mnemonic presence. Bachelard suggests that the memories people have associated with household rooms are so strong, that no matter how specific or detailed a description is offered, to write the rooms of a house is to write all the rooms of all houses.[4] To write a common room though, is quite another matter.

1 Mary Douglas, *Purity and Danger* (London: Routledge, 1966), 141.
2 Email communication with Robert Niven.
3 Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1964).
4 Ibid. 14.

1955: THE DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS IS ESTABLISHED AS AN INDEPENDENT DEPARTMENT WITHIN THE FACULTY OF ARTS AT UBC. PROFESSOR B.C. BINNING SERVES AS HEAD UNTIL 1968.

As these emerging artists are producing their own distinctive body of works, the subject of the body, as the conscious projection of their subjectivity, often finds expression in both direct and indirect ways. For example, Derek Dunlop's drawing is a process of understanding the self as a subject in relation to the mass media in which individuals are involuntarily constituted. Derek photographs, projects, and redraws layers of television images that make up a skin–a skin that protects the self from the world while also providing a place onto which the image of the self can be projected. He transposes onto paper the fragmentary visual material from the tangled, endless flow of today's media images. At the same time, he frustratingly blocks out these images. This process is a continual one that revisits that moment when Derek captures the flowing image for himself. The self-effacing scratches over the self-censoring patches of thick pastel expose, if only partially, those images with which he began his drawing. The skin-like layers in his drawings filter the media images of how people, men in particular, are socialized as they engage in various activities such as drinking beer, aiming a rifle, or holding a cock.

II–SEEK

CRYSTAL WANTED IT ALL: TO KISS, TO FUCK, TO HOLD HANDS AND TO GET HIGH. SHE SOUGHT IT OUT. SHE WOULD NOT BE DENIED. SHE WAS OBLIVIOUS TO DELINEATIONS: WANTING GUYS AND GIRLS, WHISKY AND WEED; WANTING TO DANCE AND SING, AND WRITE AND PERFORM. SHE WANTED TO BE EXTRASENSORY, A HEALER. SHE TOLD ME ALL PATRIARCHAL POWER WAS KEPT IN THE WORLD'S FORESKIN. SHE SAID IT SHOULD BE SOUGHT OUT AND UNDERSTOOD, RESPECTED, IF WE WERE TO GET ANYWHERE, IF WE WERE TO PROGRESS. AND WHEN CRYSTAL CAME OVER THAT SUMMER FOR SUPPER, REVEALING THAT SHE PAID A MAN DOWNTOWN $60 TO PUSH A PIECE OF SURGICAL STEEL INTO HER BELLY BUTTON DESCRIBING HOW HE GENTLY BLEW AGAINST HER REDDENING SKIN AS HE LOOPED THE JEWELRY THROUGH HER FLESH, MY GRANDMOTHER PROCLAIMED–SHE SHOULD'VE PIERCED HER BRAIN!

1989: CONSTRUCTION OF A NEW ART GALLERY ON UBC CAMPUS IS ANNOUNCED, PETER CARDEW IS HIRED AS ARCHITECT.

1995: CONSTRUCTION OF ART GALLERY COMPLETED, REDEDICATED THE MORRIS AND HELEN BELKIN ART GALLERY.

In the common room that this exhibition is named after, difference is the norm. The constant change of seating arrangements, and the periodic rotation of exhibition flyers–unceremoniously tacked to the wall, reflect the intersection of people and ideas within the space. The luxury of romantic familiarity is short-lived within this node of perpetually shifting boundaries. However, although sparsely furnished and in flux, this common room does contain an archive. Not an archive that can be catalogued, indexed, or accessed through a computer database–to research this particular archive is to delve into an unstable rhizoid of a prior knowledge. What functions here functions in all art institutions, and that is what Hal Foster calls an "archive of modern art"–an ephemeral archive that "supplies the terms of discourse," a discourse that is shaped by influences both near and far.[5]

1990s: MORRIS AND HELEN BELKIN ART GALLERY EMERGES AS AN INDEPENDENT UNIT, THOUGH STILL MAINTAINING CLOSE TIES WITH THE DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS.

Rebecca Donald quite literally makes "skins" by pouring out a thick layer of oil paint on un-stretched canvas and leaving it to dry and shrivel at the top. These skins, left to form on their own, barely contain the fluids inside. The folded and stacked towels made on standard towel-sized canvases invoke the body in a provocative way. Often used to ashamedly cover up one's body, a towel momentarily becomes a new layer of skin for that body, exposing as much as it conceals. One of Rebecca's towels hangs dejectedly as though it would after use, after being soiled, and is reminiscent of a layer of skin that a transforming being sheds. The work's reference to the modernist monochrome painting takes a twisted turn as the (used) towel becomes embodied, underscoring the phenomenological issues at play in Rebecca's work.

5 Hal Foster, *Design and Crime (and Other Diatribes)* (London: Verso, 2002), 65.

III–WASH

EVERY NIGHT AROUND 7 ANGELA WOULD TAKE HER BATH. SHE'D FILL THE TUB WITH WATER SO HOT SHE COULD BARELY STAND IT, WATER YOU'D THINK MIGHT BURN OFF HER HAIR AND LEAVE NEWLY EXPOSED PINK SKIN IN ITS PLACE. SHE'D FALL SLOWLY AGAINST THE PORCELAIN AND SIGH, LETTING HER HEAD SUBMERGE INTO THE WET, AGAINST THE WHITE. SHE'D SURFACE, PUSHING HER YELLOW-BLONDE HAIR BACK FROM HER PALE FACE. ONE NIGHT THAT WINTER SHE WAS IN HER BATH, JUST FINISHING UP WASHING THE THICK WHITE OXY CLEANSER FROM HER TOO PALE FACE WHEN THE DOOR TO THE SMALL BATHROOM OPENED AND HER FATHER CAME IN. HE SLIPPED OUT OF HIS CLOTHES AND THEN INTO THE TUB BEHIND HER; CRADLING HER, RINSING THE SUDS FROM HER BACK LIKE IN A MOVIE OR A NOVEL. AND JUST AS SOON AS HER BACK WAS EXPOSED CLEAN, HER SPINE LIKE A FOOT BRIDGE EMERGING FROM A POND, HER FATHER SAID TO GET OUT AND SHE DID, WRAPPING AN OLD THIN WHITE TOWEL AROUND HER 14 YEAR OLD BODY. SHE OPENED THE DOOR OF THAT OLD BATHROOM IN THAT OLD HOUSE AND LEFT THE OLD MAN IN THE TUB, THE WATER COOLING AGAINST HIS GREYING CHEST.

Experience with and awareness of one's body informs the practice of those artists who play with the push and pull between intimacy and distance. Sarah Turner's sculpture, *Holding it All Together with 8 Tender Screws*, is a reconstruction of a sidewalk barrier made with felt, a soft material that is too ready to soak up the grime and the fetid water from the streets. This work questions how a body situates itself in relation to this visual marker of differentiated, consecrated/damned, and ultimately inaccessible space that the confronted body must not enter. Or that inaccessible space could be a body that must be kept at a distance. The felt construction tantalizes and invites viewers to touch it while keeping them at a certain distance from the sculpture. While Sarah's work simultaneously attracts and distances the viewer in a gallery space, Robert Niven's *Latex Oblivion* silently entices intimate viewing. Camouflaged as a bucket of white paint left after installing the exhibition, Robert's sculpture comes alive as the viewer stares into the hypnotic whirlpool of swirling liquid. White latex paint is the fundamental constitutive agent in creating the Modernist white cube space that hosts autonomous artworks. Yet, the autonomy of this sculpture of paint(ing) is upset by its precarious containment, about to spill over at any moment. That opaque vortex of whiteness brings to mind questions about what is obfuscated and covered up.

Rather than specific individual memories being linked to particular objects or spaces (as in Bachelard's example), the archive of modern art exists in a fragmented web of influence. Bunching it in fists, some try to pull the whole thing close, while others constantly struggle to free themselves. Unfortunately neither of these strategies are feasible, for as Michel Foucault explains, the archive of a priori knowledge is, at once close to us and different from our present existence, it is the border of time that surrounds our presence, which overhangs it and which indicates its otherness; it is that which outside ourselves, delimits us.[6]

IV–CELEBRATE

DANCES WERE THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF GRADE EIGHT SOCIAL LIFE. MY FRIENDS ONLY WENT TO DANCES TO MEET UP AND GO DRINKING AFTERWARDS. AMANDA KNEW EXACTLY HOW IT WENT; SHE'D SNEAK VODKA FROM UNDER THE KITCHEN COUNTER INTO A HAIRSPRAY BOTTLE AND THEN INTO HER PURSE AND THEN INTO THE DANCE IN THE SCHOOL GYM. I GUESS SPRITZING IS LIKE AN EIGHTH GRADE VERSION OF SHOTS. AFTER THE FALL DANCE WE WALKED THE TREED STREETS, PUSHING DOWN ON THE CAP OF THE PLASTIC CONTAINER, LETTING THE ALCOHOL MIST ROLL DOWN OUR THROATS AND THEN INTO OUR HEADS. MY PARENTS CAME TO PICK ME UP FROM SCHOOL ONE AFTERNOON SHORTLY FOLLOWING LUNCH, TELLING ME MY GRANDFATHER HAD LOST HIS LIFE AFTER LOSING A LUNG AND A HALF, AMANDA TOLD ME DYING WAS A LOT LIKE BEING SOLD A GRAM OF PARSLEY–YOU JUST NEVER EXPECT THE SMOKE NOT TO BE SWEET. THAT NIGHT AFTER THE DANCE WE HUNG OUT BEHIND THE GAS STATION, TRYING TO FIND SOMEONE TO BUY US CIGARETTES, TRYING TO EMPTY THAT HAIRSPRAY BOTTLE.

6 Michel Foucault, *The Archeology of Knowledge*. Trans. A.M. Sheridan Smith (New York: Pantheon, 1972), 130.

1920s–PRESENT: THE UNIVERSITY ART COLLECTION GROWS TO OVER 2500 OBJECTS THROUGH THE COMMISSIONING OF PORTRAITS, DONATIONS, AND ACQUISITIONS.

1970s: THE UNIVERSITY ESTABLISHES AN ART ACQUISITION COMMITTEE.

PRESENT: MORRIS AND HELEN BELKIN ART GALLERY OPEN TO ACQUIRING ALL MEDIA, THOUGH FOCUS REMAINS ON CANADIAN AVANT-GARDE OF THE 1960S & 1970S, ART OF POST-WAR VANCOUVER, AND EMERGING ARTISTS.

For those in the common room, the best approach is to explore the delimitations, to engage with the uneasy boundaries between attraction and repulsion that are echoed in Julia Kristeva's description of the abject as "the fascinated start that leads me towards and separates me from them."[7] The discomforting interplay that occurs between the self and the other, (whatever or whomever that other may be), is evidenced in the *Common Room* exhibition.

Whitewashing, as a form of censorship, suggests an erasure of a certain aspect of the self, or blanking the slate, as an artist would shed old skins to develop an individuated body of work particularly in the context of institutionalized art education. In an institutionalized space for the exchange of ideas, for example the MFA students' common room at UBC, the artist's body is caught between desire and discipline–the desire to express one's selfhood through asserting a unique mark and the disciplinary machine of a network of institutions working to legitimate and value selected artworks. Such is the subject of *Discipline: Beauty* by Kristina Lee Podesva. This video work–a disconcerted self-portrait of her upside-down chin–features a humanoid figure making a concerted, yet pained effort to apply make-up. The figure hums ambiguously in either pleasure or pain, or perhaps both, making sounds that could be mistaken for moaning or mourning. What could be seen as a quotidian event carried out to the sounds of morning traffic and radio reports is attenuated in an almost ceremonious way for the humanoid's grotesque transformation. Abbas Akhavan's *Monochrome I & II (burnt almond & classic beige)* shows the end result of such repeated, obsessive, compulsive acts of covering up. The modernist monochrome is again referenced, but Abbas's foundation make-up paintings shift the understanding of the materiality of the "paint." His work subverts that painterly mark on the canvas by imitating the invisible layer of perfected skin that is so desired by so many. Still, there is a poignant reminder after all the pained effort, the perfected surface of the human body is simply a layer of artifice.

V–COVER

EVERYONE ALWAYS COMPARES FINGERS TO SAUSAGES. ALANA'S FINGERS, THOUGH QUITE SAUSAGE-LIKE, WERE ALWAYS HIDDEN IN THE SLEEVES OF HER SWEATSHIRTS. HER SWEATSHIRTS WERE ALWAYS TWO SIZES TOO BIG TOO. SHE PREFERRED IT THAT WAY, ALWAYS GRABBING AT THE ELASTIC BAND OF THE WRIST AND FOLDING HER FINGERS UP INTO THE JERSEY FABRIC, UP INTO THE PALM OF HER HAND. SHE SKULKED AROUND SLOWLY, LIKE AN AMPUTEE, HUGGING TEXTBOOKS TO HER CHEST WITH ONLY THE SWEATY BUNCHED BALLS OF HER HANDS. EVERYONE THINKS ALL FAT GIRLS ARE GOOD AT MATH, BUT NOT ALL OF THEM ARE. ALANA WAS REALLY BAD AT MATH ... ESPECIALLY GEOMETRY. ALANA HAD THIS SECRET BOYFRIEND THAT EVERYONE PRETTY MUCH KNEW ABOUT. JEREMY WAS REALLY GOOD AT MATH AND HE LIKED FOOLING AROUND WITH ALANA IN THE SCHOOL STAIRWELLS WHERE NO ONE REALLY WENT. ALANA WOULD LET JEREMY FEEL HER UP IN EXCHANGE FOR DOING HER MATH HOMEWORK. THEY HAD AN ARRANGEMENT; ONE THAT LASTED THE ENTIRE YEAR, ALMOST.

7 Julia Kristeva, *The Portable Kristeva*, ed. Kelly Oliver (New York: Columbia University Press, 1997), 230.

1971: THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA AND THE CITY OF VANCOUVER OPEN THE GREATER VANCOUVER ARTISTS GALLERY, LOCATED AT 555 HAMILTON STREET, BELOW THE DEL-MAR HOTEL.

2001: THE BELKIN SATELLITE OPENS AT 555 HAMILTON STREET.

That projected perfection is fractured in Marilou Lemmens and Richard Ibghy's video work. In their creation of visual narratives which string together still images (or frozen frames), the bodily movements of the characters are attenuated. Working with these fragmented images, Marilou and Richard construct a disjointed cinema-scape that is somehow bound together by the presence of the characters' body in different spatial constructions. Their video is not a smooth narrative easily consumed by a passive viewer. It is a piece that directs attention to the moments of pause, or interstices of reflection, asking the viewer to fill in the temporal gaps. In Colin Miner's *Banana Peel*, the viewer exists entirely outside of the frame of the work. The photograph of a hyper-realistic sculpture of a banana peel saturated in bright yellow encourages viewers to childishly giggle and anticipate someone slipping on the peel. The comic tension will never be relieved as the viewer is caught in the ambiguity of the banana peel's artificiality and authenticity.

Common Room is a two-part exhibition. The first phase features the work of nine emerging artists from the MFA program at UBC, installed alongside specified empty spaces reserved for works from the University Art Collection. During the second phase of the exhibition, the white gaps on the walls of the Belkin Satellite will be interjected with Attila Richard Lukacs' serigraphs of meat on display in a butcher shop: *Lean Ground Beef*, *New York Steak*, and *Special*; Geneviève Cadieux's extreme close-up photograph of a man's chest, *Sans titre (sein)*; Shary Boyle's painting of a group of children slicing off a mysterious hand that is protruding from a rock, *The Omitted Tales (The Hand With the Knife)*; Wolfgang Tillmans' photograph of a traveling companion's erection, exposed during an in-flight meal, *AA Breakfast*; General Idea's mass produced sculpture of a commercially available seal-shaped hand soap sitting on a printed beer coaster, *Putti*; and Jeff Wall's presentation panel made in 1990 to advertise a MFA Art History Seminar. These works were chosen for their roles in presenting, enforcing, pushing, or crossing boundaries, and for their conceptual parallels with the MFA students' works.

VI–DENY

ALTHOUGH WE NEVER REALLY KNEW, WE GUESSED LAURA WEIGHED ABOUT 100 POUNDS OR LESS. COME TO THINK OF IT, IT WOULD'VE BEEN IMPOSSIBLE FOR HER TO WEIGH ANY MORE THAN 100 POUNDS. WHEN SHE DOUBLED OVER IN GYM CLASS, TOUCHING HER FINGER TIPS TO HER TOES, IT WAS WHAT WE COULDN'T SEE THAT GOT US ALL TALKING–SHE DIDN'T HAVE ANY ROLLS. NOT EVEN ONE SPARE FLESHY DEPOSIT TO EXPAND, TO STRETCH. SHE HAD A BIG FAT BUMP ON HER NOSE, BUT SHE WOULD NEVER ALLOW FOR ONE IN HER STOMACH. HER BACK WAS QUITE CROOKED, PULLED TIGHTLY INWARD, ALLOWING FOR A CONCAVE MIDSECTION, MAKING HER BREASTS SEEM EVEN LARGER THAN THEY ACTUALLY WERE. LAURA WAS RAVENOUS IN HER SEARCH FOR CONTROL, IN HER RIGHT TO DENY: HOURS EACH MORNING CURLING HER ASH BLONDE HAIR; LAYERING THE COMPACT POWDER OVER HER CHEEKS, NOSE AND FOREHEAD; PAINTING EACH EYELID WITH PRECISE SYMMETRY, SHADES OF BLUE AND SMOKY GREY. SHE'D MISS BREAKFAST AND SMOKE HER WAY THROUGH LUNCH. SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD BE COURTNEY LOVE, AND WE ALL LAUGHED, AGREEING SHE HAD THE MOVES, SHE HAD THE ATTITUDE, AND SHE COULD'VE CRUSHED US ALL.

I began this writing by asserting that the body can be taken as an interface of the artist's selfhood in relation to others. Eryne Donahue's *Saturation, Return* refers to the process of building up a face, an image, and one's selfhood. In her series of portraits made by scanning her own manipulated spit, the saliva bubbles appear like multiplying microorganisms. Eryne calls them "virtual bodies," and these cellular creatures to which she is comparing her virtual bodies, rely on the process of endocytosis and ectocytosis–the intake and expelling of elements from and to the outside world. When seen at a macroscopic level, such continual exchanges result in formation of a face, an individuated platform for each person in interaction with others. *Common Room* is a bounded space in which this continual process of spitting/excreting and absorption/consumption takes place.

The inclusion of works from the University Art Collection highlights relationships between art communities, as well as the web of external influence present in the common room. For the first half of the show, until they are installed in the exhibition space, these fragments from the archive of modern art assert their presence, but only through the viewer's memory or imagination. The very structure of the exhibition itself reflects the conceptual negotiation of physical delimitations. From the common room at UBC to *Common Room* at the Belkin Satellite, this exhibition is a materialization of ideas and forms transferred from one room to another, to provide legible space–a room that can be read.

The common room is an organic and developing body that is a site of exchange as well as a point of interaction with what is outside of the bounds of that room.

BUILDING A SHOW BASED ON A GROUP OF ARTISTS DEMANDS A PLOT OR LINE THAT PERMEATES THROUGHOUT. IN THE CASE OF *COMMON ROOM*, THE APPARENT RELATIONSHIP IS THE COMMON SPACE OF THE UNIVERSITY. IT IS WITHIN THIS CONTEXT THAT THE WORKS FROM THE MORRIS AND HELEN BELKIN ART GALLERY COME INTO PLAY AS THEY SUGGEST AND DELINEATE SOME AREAS BETWEEN THE COMMON SPACE AND COMMON TIME. IT IS WITHIN THESE SPACES, BOTH LITERAL AND THEORETICAL, THAT THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY ART COLLECTION COMES TO SIGNAL SOME OF THE WAYS IN WHICH WE, AS CURATORS, ARTISTS AND STUDENTS, ALL WORK WITHIN THIS WEB.

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Photo documentation of the exhibition can be found at www.belkin-gallery.ubc.ca/satellite

BELKIN **SATELLITE**
The University of British Columbia / 555 Hamilton Street / Vancouver / BC / V6B 2R1

design: r/grainger